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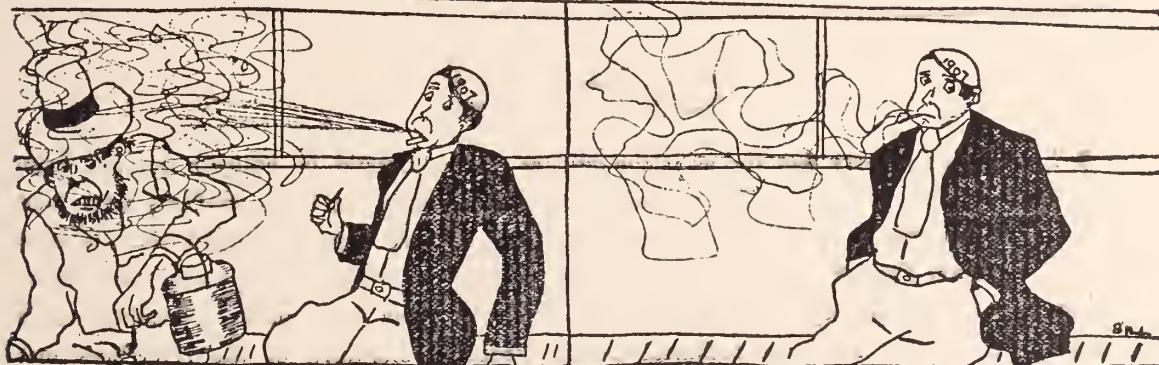
Perfecto meets Virginia Stogie

Stogie wins.



Stogie meets Butt. Butt wins.

Butt meets Pipe. Pipe wins.



Pipe meets Cigarette.

Cigarette wins out.

A TROLLEY CAR EPISODE.



Volume II.

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Number 5.

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"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Editorial.

IT would be a sorry day for us if the culture studies should be entirely omitted from our technical courses. This seems to be conceded even by those students who take little interest in that part of their work. And still we cannot but think that the men who look upon French and German as necessary evils, and after passing them, forget these languages as fast as they can, are practically throwing away the benefits of studies which should be of value in future technical work. Probably one-third of the references met by the engineer in his reading upon any chemical, metallurgical, or mechanical subject, are in French or German. Thus, while he may get along very well with the literature of one language, English, he would find his views broadened and his work facilitated and rendered more interesting by an acquaintance with the foreign literature of the subject at hand. Of the varied subjects of a four-year curriculum, probably no branch "rusts" so rapidly, or requires more effort to recover proficiency, than languages. Looking at the proposition from

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the standpoint of mental economy, time spent in language study is wasted unless the acquaintance thus acquired is maintained and enlarged upon by subsequent independent reading.



THE recent meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Lehigh University should be an occasion of congratulation among all men devoted to the interests of our college. From the standpoint of advantage to ourselves, it is well to entertain one of the great national scientific or engineering bodies at our university. In the first place, it gives an opportunity for our students to attend a session and to understand how the business of the Institute is conducted. Through the kindness of our professors the students may have an opportunity of becoming slightly acquainted with the men of note who are present. The Engineers, upon their part, showed a lively interest in our beautiful campus and buildings, and in many cases greeted as old friends the professors with whom we are working. It is only by keeping in close touch with the practicing engineers that Lehigh professors for years past, have been so successful in placing our graduates in paying positions. Much credit is due Dr. Drinker, and to the Faculty and town members of the committees, who took such good care of the visitors and made their trip enjoyable.



FOR the Senior, the thesis is now the most important part of the present term work.

Some of the subjects which have been taken are important; some trivial. Some of the men who have important and interesting subjects will, as in former years, derive very little benefit and almost valueless results from their work. The thesis should be the major subject of the term. It is the first opportunity which has been offered for original thought. It seems only natural that students who for four years of college life have been chafing under rigidly required and narrowly prescribed work, should welcome a chance to use their own will and devise independent methods in the attack of a new problem. If a department allow a man to select a trivial subject for his thesis, that is the fault of the professor in charge. But if the work be done in a careless and lazy fashion, the loss is the student's alone.



IT is regrettable that more interest is not taken in the course of entertainments provided by the Y. M. C. A. of Lehigh. Of the patronage of our town friends we have nothing to complain. But it should be remembered that the entertainments were primarily for the amusement of the students. The entertainers are under the impression that they are to address or perform for an audience of college students, and our absence reflects ill upon the Y. M. C. A. management which secured the talent. The cost of admission to students is much lower than that of equal entertainment elsewhere, and our failure to take advantage of this offer is a serious reflection upon our loyalty and good taste.



PERHAPS we give too little heed to the surroundings which mark our character so plainly to the casual observer. Indeed, it is the easiest feat imaginable, upon entering a man's room to note his tastes, proclivities and manner and habit of thought, from the arrangement and decoration of the apartment. Not only do our personal effects, bookshelves, and the like, indicate ourselves, but they impress in turn their individuality upon us. A few simple inexpensive copies of pictures of note will do more toward moulding a character than any amount of tawdry prints and posters.

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Rumor, probably well-founded, states that the courses in public speaking now given at Lehigh, will probably be discontinued after this year. Although this change would appear, at first glance, to be a departure from the Lehigh standard of a broad education, there are strong arguments in favor of it. For some reason, not well understood, the students take little interest in the work, and seem to pass the subject with very little effort. And to judge by the general grade of extemporaneous speaking done at college meetings, we are forced to the conclusion that the men who speak well owe their ease to a previously acquired command of English, and a natural coolness. It is likely that a far greater benefit is to be derived from the severer test of speaking before one of the student engineering societies. This sort of work has the advantage of being serious, and is especially valuable because the speaker is endeavoring to impress, in an interesting manner, views which are not always in accord with those of his hearers. The benefit to be derived from extemporaneous speaking is directly proportional to the seriousness by which the attempt is prompted.



The Bronze Buddha.

The student from Colorado told us a pretty queer story the other night. He strolled into my room a little after supper, carrying a small package wrapped in newspaper. After he had cut some awful tobacco and filled his pipe, he said: "I have thought of telling you the story of 'Squire Milburn and the bronze Buddha, but the chief actor in the tragedy arrived from England only a day or two ago, so I have denied myself the pleasure of the recital until now." He tore the paper from the package and disclosed a tarnished statue of the ancient Hindoo deity around whom so much of the ancient Asiatic folklore has grown up. I intimated that it would be an interesting topic for the next hour or so, and we all settled back to enjoy whatever he had to say.

"Well," said the student, "on my way back from Vienna I passed through London and spent a few days looking up the few friends I had made there during my short course in 'Rare Elements,' which I took under Prof. Ramsay. I was loafing down the Strand one afternoon, when I ran into Frank Milburn, whom I had known, and he was glad to see me again. We celebrated our lucky meeting over a pleasant little supper, during which I inquired as to the welfare of his parents, whom I had visited at their country home near Yarmouth a couple of years before. 'Oh, about the same,' said Frank, a slight shadow falling across his face. 'The Mater is better than ever, but Dad is awfully worried about something or other. The last few days he has been very restless, walking about and in and out of the house, anxiously awaiting the mail every time it is due. It gets on my nerve, and I asked him what was wrong. At that he turned on me fiercely and told me to attend to my own affairs. Then in a breath he said kindly, 'It's nothing that you could help, even if you knew, poor boy.' Say, S—, suppose you come up with me to-morrow. Father loves to play cribbage, and the addition of yourself will make a four-handed game. Besides, we can have some shooting in the daytime.'

To this I assented, and the next day, December 27th, we journeyed up to his home. On the way up I took occasion to ask Frank something of the former life of his father. I discovered that 'Squire Milburn was born in England in 1838, and had been educated in

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that country, entering the Army at the age of 19. Almost immediately his regiment had been sent to India, where the 'Squire had taken an active part in quelling the Sepoy rebellion, earning the straps of a First Lieutenant in his second year of service. At the time of his retirement, in 1888, he was a Colonel; and having some means, had taken up his present abode in England with his wife and young son. 'But,' said Frank, at the end of this account, 'don't ask the Governor about the Rebellion. For some reason, he shuns the subject.'

"Is the 'Squire engaged in any business enterprise," I asked, after watching the flying landscape for a while. 'No,' answered Frank, 'but he has been getting a number of foreign letters during the past three months. And every time one of them arrives, he is crustier than ever. The first was from Calcutta, but the others we have not seen, as he has gone to town for the mail in person ever since. It is too bad, too bad.'

"My welcome at the Milburn home was of the real English kind, but I could see that even over the cards, the face of 'Squire Milburn wore the expression of haunting fear which had been wholly absent two years before. At eleven we retired to our several rooms, and as I was making ready for a sound sleep I heard the 'Squire walking heavily toward his room in the rear of the new wing of the venerable mansion.

I had been asleep but an hour or so, I think, when I heard a door open and close, and a faint sound of footsteps seemed to run down the hall. I arose, and throwing on my dressing-gown, went into Frank's room. He was asleep. I aroused him and spoke of what had happened. 'Never mind that,' he answered, 'Mother told me that Dad has received a letter from London to-day which seemed to worry him a little. Let's talk of other things a little while.' So we fell to discussing matters relative to our studies of two years before. Probably a quarter of an hour had passed, when we heard a loud cry, and nothing more. It seemed to come from the park behind the house. Hustling on some clothing we ran out, and upon coming around the corner, saw in the dim light a dark mass huddled in the snow. We knelt by it. It was the 'Squire, fully clad, insensible, and probably dying. It was a matter of moments only to carry him into his room and telephone for a doctor.

When Dr. Gray arrived, his diagnosis was short and to the point. The 'Squire had been overcome by a fatal attack of apoplexy. He died at 3 a. m. The house slept no more that night; our grief was intense. To me, comparative stranger that I was, the shock was great. The old gentleman had been a kind and courteous host to me, and his sudden end, with its partially unexplained circumstances, produced upon me a mixed feeling of grief and superstitious fear.

The next morning I suggested to Frank that my presence at the manor was superfluous, at least, and announced my departure. But he would have none of it. 'Look here, S—,' said he. 'father may have died of apoplexy, but I do not believe that to have been the primary cause. I want to know more of this matter, and you can take a leading part in our private investigation. For instance, why did he go into the park after midnight, sitting up over an hour alone in his room before doing so? Why did he carry this old idol in his pocket? It has stood for years over his fire-place.' He exhibited the bronze image of Buddha which I have brought with me to-night. You will be impressed, as was I, at first sight, with the remarkable workmanship of the statue. Well, finally, induced as much by my curiosity over this new problem as by the entreaties of my chum, I agreed to stay and look into the matter.

"After breakfast we walked out and made a circuit of the old dwelling. I easily dis-

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tinguished the 'Squire's footsteps outlined in the snow. He had left the house by the side door, and once on the ground, had walked on the flat of his foot to a small bower or summer house perhaps twenty rods from the back of the building. It struck me as curious that he had chosen to walk in the soft snow beside the path, rather than in the path itself, especially as he had worn light shoes. At the arbor, however, the real investigation began. Within the latter was a path some four yards long, worn by the feet of some other person than the 'Squire. Up and down he had trodden for a quarter of an hour or more, his broad toes and hob-nails making a clear impression here and there. Dark brown splotches were plentifully besprinkled about the vicinity, and it was clear that he had come up from the rear of the park. We next glanced toward the side of the house where the 'Squire had lain as we found him. Here were his foot prints, clearly defined, and disappearing around the corner. Satisfied, we re-entered, and seated in Frank's room, lit a pipe, for we needed something soothing after that awful night's happenings.

"For a quarter of an hour nothing was said. For my part, I was too full of thought to find expression. Finally Frank caught his breath. I glanced up. He was wiping away his tears. 'What do you make of it?' he asked. 'Well,' said I, the Doctor found no external injuries. That puts foul play out of the question. Was the 'Squire armed?' 'Yes,' answered Frank, 'he was. His revolver was in his coat, inside breast pocket. It was clean, and fully loaded.'

"'Now, Frank,' I said, 'here are the facts. Your father went out last night to meet a person whom we shall call Hobnails. The latter was punctual and impatient. He is short, and chews tobacco. Your father feared him, for he went armed. Still there was no struggle, or the 'Squire would have fired. Now—' 'But,' interrupted Frank, 'why did father tiptoe alone around the house where there was no door, and fall, and thresh about in the snow?'

"'Frank,' said I, "'Squire Milburn did not tiptoe back. He was running, running for his life, and he ran till he burst a blood-vessel. Then he fell and slid. I cannot explain why. Nor can I tell why Hobnail's ran in the other direction, but he did. These men were afraid of something. By the way, had your father any of the letters, of which you have spoken, in his pocket?' 'No,' said Frank, 'he had not.' 'In that case,' I added, 'let us look about his room.' Our search there availed nothing. The body was removed to the large room below, there to lie until interment, the following day. So we had free opportunity to conduct our investigations in the 'Squire's study. Upon the coals I found a mass of charred paper. The letters had evidently been crushed by a poker while burning. The envelopes were burned black, but were still intact. It took a long time, but I made out the postmarks of them all. The list read as follows: Calcutta, August 1st; Aden, September 4th; Alexandria, October 16th; Naples, November 28th; Calais, December 25th; London, December 26th. That afternoon I spent in Yarmouth at the post office. After supper I returned and continued the matter with my chum.

"'This,' I said, 'is the present status of our knowledge. This list shows when Hobnails mailed the letters, and where. It also shows how he got to England. He consumed 34 days between Calcutta and Aden; 42 days between Aden and Alexandria; 45 days between Alexandria and Naples; 27 days between Naples and Calais; and one day between Calais and London. I will wager that he has traveled from India to Calais at least, by coasting vessels, chiefly. He started with the intention of meeting your father. He was practically out of funds all the time. He came here to get something, not your father's

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life, and as he cannot know that the 'Squire is dead, I will wager that we shall see more of him, and that very soon.

"That night the lower floor blazed with light until eleven. Then all were extinguished, and one light was left burning in the 'Squire's study. At twelve this also was extinguished, and in semi-darkness Frank and I waited for the unknown. It was two before we heard the creak of a window in the kitchen below. Then followed a soft tap as the stocking feet of our visitor alit upon the floor. Up the rear stairway and along the corridor came the stealthy patter. Boldly he entered. 'Well,' quoth the stranger, softly, 'the old codger isn't in. But here's a sight for sore eyes.' With that he reached for the bronze Budd'a upon the mantle, swung it in his hands and shook it vigorously. Then he burst into a volley of oaths. 'Empty, empty,' he said. 'Blame me if I don't see the Colonel anyway. He'll owe me—'

"'That will do,' I said, 'don't move or you'll never wink again.' But he did. He sank to the floor and my shot passed over him. Quickly he dove for the door, but Frank tripped him, and all three of us rolled into the corridor. Never have I seen a man fight harder. It required five minutes before we had him properly tied. I lit the lamp. Imagine our surprise to find the captive a grizzled man of about 65 years. Time had dealt lightly with his massive body, but the sun and wind had tanned his face and hands to a leathery brown. 'Where's Colonel Milburn,' he snarled. 'My father is dead,' answered Frank. 'Dead, is he? The better for him. Is the treasure dead, too?' he snapped, baring his teeth in an ugly grin.

"'Look here,' said I, 'that will do. If you choose to sit up and take some whiskey, I will free your hands. You will then make clear to us the little which we do not know of the doings of the last three months and particularly of last night.' 'What do you know,' he asked. I told him in substance 'All right then,' said he, 'sitting down and pouring a generous glass, 'here goes, and if there's no treasure left, you can do as you like with me.'

"'I am an Eng'lishman, John Steele by name; I enlisted in Colonel Milburn's regiment when it left for India in '58. I was 22 years old at the time and a good soldier. I always thought the Colonel a square man till the sack of Delhi. After we were tired of shooting we used the bayonets, and when we were sick of stabbing the brown devils to see the blood spurt, we looked about for some loot. A squad of us entered a fine temple and scattered through the building. I became separated from the rest and wandered from chamber to chamber. At last, looking n at a door, I saw a sight which comes not twice in a lifetime. Upon his knees before a chest was a little dried-up old priest scooping gems out of a chest and pouring them into the little bronze Buddha. I guess he must have poured half a pint into it when he suddenly shut it up. At this I let out a yell and started for him with my bayonet, having no cartridges left. He started down a sort of alley when I saw him drop. I turned and Colonel Milburn raced past me, still holding his smoking revolver. 'My loot,' I yelled. But I might have saved the breath. The Colonel grabbed the image. He, too had seen it filled. I started for him and—woke up last June.'

"'Woke up last June,' I exclaimed. 'What do you mean?' 'It's this,' continued Steele, indicating a hairless furrow upon his scalp. 'As near as I can figure, the Colonel's bullet creased my skull, and, well gentlemen, my ideas of previous existence must have ceased. What I did from 1858 until 1900 I don't know. I got a job running a derrick on the dock at Calcutta last April. About the middle of June a cable broke, and the end of it pretty near took off my head. When I came to I was an old man, but I thought the sack of

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Delhi was the day before. Pretty soon I remembered about the Colonel and the Buddha full of stones. It was no great matter to hunt up Colonel Milburn, but it took me four months to beat my way here from Calcutta.

"I kept the Colonel posted as to my journey and I hope it troubled him some to know that I was coming. Last night he met me as I directed. What he intended to do I have no idea, for hardly had the Colonel started to tell me how sorry he was, and so on, when he fixed his eyes over my shoulder and yelled: 'He's come for it.' I looked too. Hanged if there wasn't that little priest coming quietly over the snow straight for the pair of us. To say we ran is putting it mildly. Maybe we imagined it, and maybe not. Those chaps have a way of sending astral bodies, I've heard them called, anywhere they please. Maybe the old priest isn't dead at all. It may be that Colonel Milburn shot his astral body in the temple at De'hi, but I think not, for he bled pretty freely. But, gentlemen, where is all the treasure? Is there any of it left in the ugly little idol?"

"I took down the idol and handed it to him. With a cunning beyond his apparent education, Steele found a way to open it. There was nothing within but a few bits of paper. These contained a statement by 'Squire Milburn which tallied closely with that of the ex-soldier. Finally Frank said, 'Steele, I don't know what to do with you. It seems that you have already suffered unduly for your sins. Suppose we send you to the lock-up upon charge of vagrancy until I can consider the case more fully.' 'Very well, sir,' answered the prisoner with an air of relief.

"The funeral of 'Squire Milburn took place upon the next day. I will not dwell upon my thoughts as I stood by the bier of the old soldier. He was, and always will be, to me, the hospitable English 'squire. His acts in 1858 bear no significance in the 20th century. War was war to the hilt in those days, and the Sepoy Mutiny is beyond our understanding. The day afterward the jailer sent word that Steele was dead. Maybe the priest of Delhi paid him another visit, but I hope not."



A Winter Idyl.

The dying leaves, no longer glowing in tints of red and gold, rustled in the dead, cold wind. The orb of day sent its pale rays o'er the valley.

"Why is she late?"

The man who uttered these words paced anxiously back and forth as he gazed longingly up the road, his eyes gleaming with suppressed emotion.

"Will she never come?"

The chill dread afternoon was drawing to a close. He pulled his coat collar closer about

his neck and a set look of despair came slowly o'er his face.

Suddenly on the still twilight air broke a piercing shriek. He started, then with a sudden movement rushed to the side of the road, carrying his hand to his pocket. An instant later he pulled out his watch. "Twenty-two minutes late, as usual, confound her," he muttered angrily; then reached for his satchel as the suburban train came in sight around the curve.

The Roster.

A comedy of errors in one act of —scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ledeburr Schnabel Prof. of Pyrography
Pris. Moidal Prof. of Civility
Raw Cuss Secretary of the Faculty
Mr. Turtle, Instructor in Civility
(Formerly of the Fem. Sem.)

Residue of the Faculty.

Seven electro-hellbenders, dregs of the University. Their spokesman, any one of the foregoing.

SCENE I.

Place—Office of Prof. Schnabel.

Schnabel at a desk; enter Jim Myers, with a paper).

JIMS—Prof. Raw Cuss requests that you will *vise* this roster of the electro-hellbending course.

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Yes! yes! But I can only glance over it superficially. (Does so). I have to catch a train in ten minutes, as I have to deliver a lecture upon the specific heat of a snowball in Hades before the Flunklin Institute. (Grab a hat and rushes out.)

SCENE II.

Place—Office of Prof. Schnabel.

Time—Second day of the term.

(Schnabel at the desk, entre; Electro-hellbenders.)

SPOKESMAN:—Good morning, Professor. This is our roster. Do we take Economic Geology as indicated?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—No, gentlemen. That is a mistake.

SPOKESMAN:—Here is Steam Engine also, which we have taken in our Junior year. Are we to repeat this for mental gymnastics?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—No, indeed. That must be a mistake.

SPOKESMAN:—We understand that our names are daily called in Hydraulics, a very

dilute subject taught in the Department of Civility. Do you require us to take this?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Well er-um—that is, why can you not take it? It is a useful subject.

SPOKESMAN:—The reasons are many. First, it will conflict on Wednesday with Dynamo Laboratory, in the department of Prof. Chesty, whom all fuse-burners worship. Second, upon Monday and Tuesday it will consume part of two mornings which we have reserved for our theses. Third, some of the instruction in Hydraulics is very poor. Of one instructor we may say that his brains belie his beard.

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Very well; you need not take it.

(Exit Electro-hellbenders.)

SCENE III.

Place—Faculty Room; Faculty present.

SECRETARY:—Gentlemen, I invite your corrections to the roster.

PROF. MOIDAL:—I do not see Hydraulics in the roster of the Electro-hellbenders. They do not attend recitations. May I ask Prof. Schnabel to explain?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—The boys do not wish to take it; and, since it is not on the roster, I have not the heart to make them.

PROF. MOIDAL:—They must take it; it is in their course according to last year's register.

PROF. SCHNABEL:—But it will introduce serious conflicts.

PROF. MOIDAL:—That need not hinder. I myself will give them separate recitations until they have recovered the lost ground. After that I will arrange a special hour to obviate conflict.

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Very well. I thank you.

(The Faculty now resume the usual business of turning down petitions.)

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SCENE IV.

Place—Office of Prof. Schnabel.

Time—Same day.

(Enter Electro-hellbenders.)

SPOKESMAN:—You have sent for us?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Yes. You are to take Hydraulics. Prof. Moidal will himself instruct you until you have caught up with the Juniors.

SPOKESMAN:—But, Professor, the roster as given in the register when we entered implies a contract to give us what is set forth there. Besides, you have published a statement about our course, giving reasons for omitting Hydraulics.

PROF. SCHNABEL:—I am sorry, gentlemen, but Prof. Moidal feels that no slight slur has been cast upon his department by your wilful absence.

SPOKESMAN:—Will you not go to him and state the reasons we have given?

PROF. SCHNABEL:—Yes, but er-um-but—that is, Prof. Moidal is very much vexed, and I do not dare to confer with him again upon the matter.

SPOKESMAN:—Well, gentlemen, the Faculty, against good reasons and moral right, will coerce us. We shall take Hydraulics.

(Exit Electro-hellbenders.)

SCENE V.

Place—Room of Department of Civility.

Time—Next day.

MR. TURTLE:—Come right in, gentlemen; the next lesson will be to-morrow at 4 p. m. Take the next forty pages. How many are prepared? Only two? How many have books? Only two?

ELECTRO-HELLBENDERS (sotto voce):—This isn't Prof. Moidal. We don't like the looks of this lady. Let us hence.

Exit Hellbenders, charging toward Prof. Schnabel's office for another fruitless conference.

Editor's Note.—The next recitation, under Mr. Jolly, is reported a success. The following recitations, under Mr. Turtle, will doubtless afford data for a special comic supplement.

ILLUSTRATED SAYINGS.

No. 3.



The Gentleman turned a little pail.

If one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, it is not the fault of the college gossips. If a young man should go to church in Allentown, make a call upon the pastor's daughter, and return by the 12.10, his reputation would evaporate like ether.

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Mid Year.

There is really something doing,
There is something in the air ;
The postman has just called
He has left a letter there.
There are many many letters
Of many kinds and sorts,
But none could bring a sadder tale
Than a college man's report.

His father takes the folder,
He looks in sad surprise ;
He looks upon the F's and E's and
Opens wide his eyes.
Where is that son who always swore
That he would take a prize ;
He surely is no more. Alas !
The old man softly sighs.
He wonders why his son has failed
And fallen vastly short ;
He wonders if old Allentown
Could cause this bad report.

Poor youth ! 'Tis sad. 'Tis very sad.
He really did his best
He claims he couldn't get a pull,
Nor stand in like the rest.
Of course he must do something ;
So as a last resort,
He writes and tells his father
That he never more will sport.

Dear Father :—

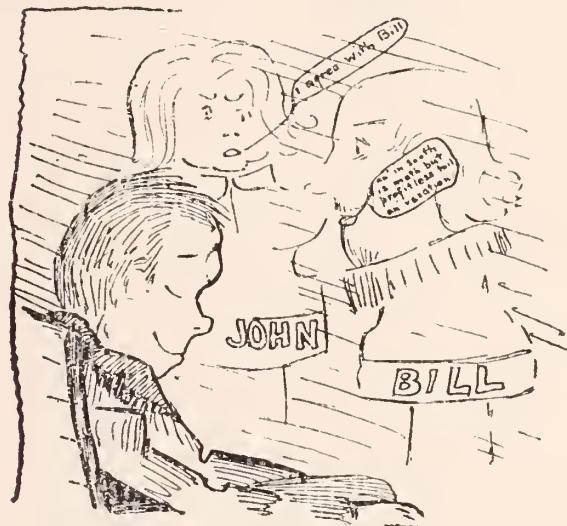
I'll stay away from Allentown
And Wyandotte I'll swear,
And when the 12.10 gets in town
I'll swear I won't be there ;
I never, never, never, will
Go on another tear.
Always upon my hairless face
An angel's smile I'll wear ;
I'll go to chapel every morn,
And cease to be a sport ;
And when next term comes rolling round
I'll have a swell report.

Alas ! Alas ! for him poor boy,
His resolutions shattered;
One night returns from Allentown,
Quite woebegone and battered.
And when the next term has arrived
I'm sure you'll hear about
A certain student's sad return
To father. He's flunked out.

F. S. S.

Reflections.

Were it not so laughable, the Sophomore sections who are concerned in the accumulation of sufficient knowledge of English literature to gain entrance to the final examination, would be filled with uneasiness. With perfect seriousness the instructors plod ahead apparently so engrossed in the enthralling interest of defunct ink-slingers that they overlook the live and present unimportance of mere culture studies at Lehigh and the inviolate right of the technical student to a free pass to literary honors without the degrading process of me-



chanical grinding. Shall the pleasant memories of our introduction to the Lehigh classics be marred by anything so low and unpoetic as study? Shall English become a mathematical nightmare or a physical reign of terror? No! By the shade of Shakespeare! Let us have our knowledge of literature in delightful cloud-bursts from which the jagged math-fiend may grasp restful fragments as he stifles within the poorly ventilated halls of classic learning. Let nothing so prosaic as a quiz hang over us amid the doleful chant of "unprepared."



Economics tells us that there are no-rent lands, as well as a no-profit entrepreneur. There is also no-wages labor,—our own.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

TWO OF A KIND.

1. Lo, and it came to pass that a certain merchant stood chatting with two friends on the street corner. They listened not and were a-weary for he talked of shop. And he spake thusly:

2. "Yea, a man should know his business thoroughly. No detail, however slight, should escape him; and he should always have his wits about him. It is to this that I attribute my success in life."

3. And his chest swelled and heaved and swelled again.

4. And there came to pass a certain wayfarer. And his clothes were tattered and torn and badly bedraggled, but behold! he carried in his hand a pair of gloves, soft to the touch and beautiful to look upon.

5. And he braced the man who spoke shop in this wise:

6. Sir, I am in hard luck and here is a beautiful pair of dogskin gloves, which I will sell you for 50 cents."

7. And he who spake shop, after a critical examination of the gloves, said to his two friends:

8. Behold, but is not this a bargain? For I who am in the business, likewise know that these gloves are worth \$1.49 wholesale."

9. And it is the upshot of his speech that he purchaseth the gloves and the ragged man departeth with the 50 cents in glee and haste.

10. And the business man prideth himself upon his tact and shrewdness.

11. "Perhaps the gloves do not fit you," sayeth one of his friends.

12. "It matters not. They are worth \$1.49 at wholesale, for I know what I know. But to prove to you—"

13. Here the business man draweth one of the gloves on his right hand, and it fitteth spick and span ana snug. And in his glee the man with shrewd business instinct chuckleth aloud.

To this parable, my children, there is a postscript. Had the business man attempted

to try on the other glove he would have found it also fitted spick, span and snug *upon his right hand*.

Moral.—Two wrongs may not make a right but two rights sometimes constitute a wrong.



RESPITE.

Oh, soul in thy anguish,
Oh man in despair,
In this world is there respite?
At home, is it there?

When thy doubting is master
Obscuring the fair,
For the mind, is there respite?
In thought, is it there?

When devotion seems hollow,
A dream in the air,
For thy fear is there respite?
In love, is it there?

When man's word is a failure,
Distrust everywhere,
For thy woe, is there respite?
In faith, is it there?

In belief in thy Maker,
Receiver of prayer;
For thy soul, is there respite?
In faith, yes 'tis there.



RECIPROCITY.

Though Kitty sends a valentine
To swear that she'll be true,
I lay no kisses at her shrine,
Instead I'm feeling blue.

I do not read with happy sighs
Of her undying love,
Nor do I look with tender eyes
On Cupid and his dove.

Instead I sit in anger hot,
My mien is stern but sad,
I feel like cussing good and loud,
I feel so very mad.

And yet it is a gorgeous thing,
With colors all aglow;
Sent by a very queen of girls,
I really ought to know.

Then why, you ask in wonderment
Does it affect me so?
It is the same one that I sent
To her a year ago.

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